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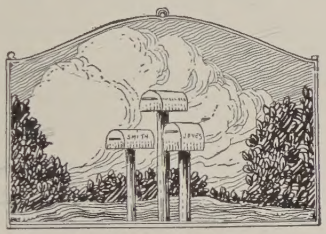


Dedication

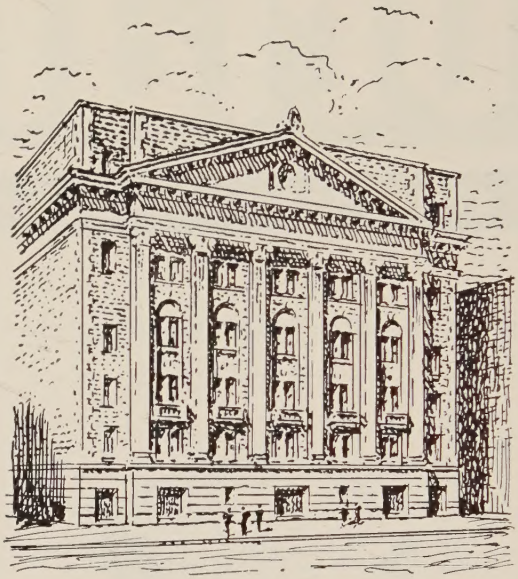
If any thought of mine, or sung or told,
  Has ever given delight or consolation,
Ye have repaid me back a thousand fold,
  By every friendly sign and salutation.

Thanks for the sympathies that ye have shown!
  Thanks for each kindly word, each silent token,
That teaches me, when seeming most alone,
  Friends are around us, though no word be spoken.

• • •

Not chance of birth or place has made us friends,
  Being oftentimes of different tongues and nations,
But the endeavor for the selfsame ends,
  With the same hopes, and fears, and aspirations.

—*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

The Liberalist
PRESTON BRADLEY, Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY, Associate Editor

Volume XXVII *August, 1950* *Number 5*

"ROAD TO A RICHER LIFE"

SERMON BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

Peoples Church of Chicago
Sunday, January 22, 1950

ALL of us easily recall that only a few years ago there was a book written which everyone was reading and everybody was talking about. It was one of the most widely read books of its period and is frequently read even yet. It was written by a man who had spent most of his life as a Professor in Columbia University; a man who had had very important contacts and great accomplishment in being an inspiration to the students all over the United States and had had a great influence, particularly in the life of those who were later to become teachers in the educational system of the country. His name was Professor Walter B. Pitkin, and the book he wrote was called "Life Begins at Forty."

And you remember what a furore it created and how readers immediately divided themselves into various camps in their reaction to Mr. Pitkin's thesis that life begins at forty. Now, as I recall, and sometimes it takes a little effort for me to get back that far in my memory, but as I recall, when I was 20, I believed that. I think the philosophy that life really started when you were 40 was a philosophy that I rather accepted. I think most young people had an idea that life began with the assumption of the larger responsibilities of life.

Now with most young men I think they think that life begins at 21, when they vote; and parents say, "Well, son, now you are a man; you are 21 years old; life really begins." Twenty-one, and life beginning at twenty-one! What a travesty. What a farce. I get a little fed up on the attitude of so many people toward these 18-year-old, 19-year-old, 20 and 21-year-old young men who get into trouble and then along comes the psychologist and the psychiatrist and says: "Well, they are just children;

they are adolescents." I am getting a little tired of using adolescence as an excuse for the moral breakdown of the young. Much of the attitude of science and of modern psychology toward these youngsters is that they are adolescents and therefore they must be coddled.

Now I must appear very reactionary in what I am going to say. I haven't a very extensive reputation for conservatism, but I may appear conservative in what I am about to say. I think the idea of linking up the responsibility of life with mere adolescence is fundamentally and basically wrong. I think it is accountable for much of the difficulty that young people are having. They are not learning early enough that life doesn't begin at 20 or 21, but life begins in its highest and deepest sense with the first awareness of what is right and what is wrong. That's when life begins and it begins there with us all.

I take my little dog around the north lagoon in Lincoln Park usually about twice a day, when there is time, and the things which I sometimes see and hear on the part of the 'teen-age group of our society is not only shocking and revolting but it is equally alarming.

The summer I was sixteen years old I had three little student churches where I was preaching, up in the forest of northern Michigan, where we had eleven months winter and one month fall, and I had three little churches and two of them were log churches, 26 miles west from Althena in Montmorency County, and there wasn't a railroad within miles; and in summer, after the winter days of college were over I went up into that little community and preached every Sunday in those three little churches. I was sixteen that summer, on the 18th of August, when I did that. I only got $30 a month, and that wasn't much of a salary, but as I say frequently I wasn't much of a preacher. But the point I am trying to make and make it as effectively as I can, by the personal illustration which I am sure I shall be pardoned for making, is that I do not think young people today, as they approach life and live it, are made sufficiently aware of the responsibilities of life early enough.

Someone will say, "Well, Dr. Bradley, don't you believe in young people having their youth? Would you make them old people when they are young?" Of course not. Every youth is entitled to the glory of youth; the fact of the matter is, as I told a group of University students the other day; I looked into the faces of hundreds of young men of university age and I said to those young men: "There is only one thing I envy you, but I envy you that thing with all my heart and soul. I envy you your youth. It's a beautiful thing to be young, and I envy your youth. But the person who is not conscious of the responsibility and dignity of life early, and by early I do not mean 15 or 18 or 20; I don't mean that at all. I mean by early, just immediately in the life of the individual when they have an awareness of the difference between right and wrong, and that is pretty early. That's pretty early in life. The tragedy of 15 and 16 and 17 and 18 and 19 is not the tragedy that's identified merely with that age group; it's the tragedy of what was happening in the life when they were 7 and 8 and 10. There is where the foundation was laid. I question very deeply whether people suddenly smash up and break up and collapse with some sudden impulse at 25 or 30 or 50. I don't think it is sudden at all. I think it is only the release coming to a climactic moment, of myriads and myriads of influences which have entered into the whole life. It is a bursting out; the climax of an accumulation of years.

It just doesn't happen strangely or miraculously.

Now, no one ever finds life worth living; no one. You simply don't find life worth living. If you want to deepen the roots of your life so that there will be a continuing, strengthening process in your life as the years come, rather than a disintegrating, destructive tendency in your life, so that you can ever repair the highway, build new roads toward a richer and a more beautiful life, there are certain fundamental things we have to understand; fundamental things; so, Mr. Pitkin, who wrote "Life Begins at Forty," has now written another book that's quite different, and it's the very kernel of the sermon this morning. He calls it, "Road to a Richer Life." After lecturing upon it and after reading the book carefully, I hope you will pardon my assumption. I always feel very humble when I express an opinion somewhat dogmatically, that is opposed to one whose opinions are authenticated by a much better scholarship than mine, and by a life that has been devoted much more effectively to an analysis of the human personality than my busy life has been. But I think Prof. Walter Pitkin, in the book "Road to a Richer Life," acknowledging and recognizing as I do every single one of the steps that Mr. Pitkin very authoritatively outlined as the means by which a finer and richer life can be realized for the individual, missed the best road of all; and it isn't in the book. In spite of all the technical understanding of the human personality; in spite of all of the constant reiteration of the laws and principles necessary for the enrichment of the personality; in spite of all of the technical aspect of his ability to analyze the defects of the human personality; in spite of all of the principles he enunciates and the rules he makes and the guides he gives, he just misses the best of all. He's a little bit like a description of John Burroughs, given one time by the great, great Bishop Quayle, whom I love and have spoken about so often during the years and with whom I had two weeks before his death, at Baker University at Baldwin, Kansas, and he probably influenced me as much as any one man in the ministry—that great skylark of Methodism as he was called, the poet, the great dramatist, the great analyst of the human soul. When the Rock River Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church met here at the old Sheridan Road Church, Bishop Quayle, who presided at that conference had lunch every noon with me in my own home around the corner; and what those Methodist preachers would have done to that Bishop had they known that he was eating his lunch with a heretical liberal preacher—well, I can't imagine what a furore would have resulted; but now it is so long ago I can tell it without any fear, and the Methodist clergymen have survived the disaster. This great Bishop, in one of his great lectures on John Burroughs, who, as you know, if you know anything about John Burroughs, was a great lover of nature and was a great essayist (and I have his whole fourteen volumes in my library and there is hardly a week passes that I do not read one of John Burrough's essays; rugged old John Burroughs)—well, Bishop Quayle in lecturing upon him one time said, "John Burroughs knows the garden," and he did. "John Burroughs knows the garden, but he missed the gardener." Walter Pitkin knows the laws behind personality development; Walter Pitkin knows the principles upon which we can build a higher fortification for the business of living; Walter Pitkin knows all of the answers in psychology, but Walter Pitkin missed the one great and truthful thing about building a

richer life. He missed that. For no life can be a really rich life that isn't undergirded by a deep religious sensitiveness to the beauty and truth of God. You have got to have more than laws of psychiatry. You have got to have more than the principles involved in the development of the personality. We must undergird life with a great solid fundamental consciousness of righteousness and love. That's primary. Don't try to build life on any other basis. You will run into trouble. You may understand every principle and every law, but you will fail.

No one ever *found* life worth living. We have to *make* life worth living and if you are waiting to *find* the beauty of life and the goodness of life and the victory of life, you will never find it until you create it first in your own hearts. There it must live, and you will never be able to get it into your own heart and have that deep fundamental faith for it without a sense of dependence upon the divine; that there is a power; that's a word I like—power! Not the power coronated in a hydrogen bomb; that isn't power; that is weakness. In the eternal paradox of the infinite, that is weakness. Force is not power. Mussolini believed it was; Hitler believed it was; Stalin believes it still, after all the centuries of refutation; they believe it still; that it is bigness and force, and that control is greatness. It isn't at all. The power of God isn't like that at all. It is something entirely different, and unless we can, as individuals, find access to that power, all of our personal reforms fall away into nothingness. There is no such thing as building moral greatness on will power. There is no such thing as building moral beauty on mere psychiatric laws.

Sometimes I think that all this effort to revitalize the human personality based upon material, scientific, physical laws, is doing more damage than good. People running hither and thither and yon in hysteria, trying to find help from materialistic approaches. My dear people, there is none there. It may be necessary to recognize its validity as far as equipment and tools, yes, but until you contact the infinite and the eternal there can be no permanent road to a richer and a more beautiful life. There is no such thing finally, to use the old adage, as "Lifting yourself by your own bootstraps," and yet millions are trying it. They are trying to solve every problem by the practice of their own will and when life goes smoothly for them and everything is in harmony and they seem triumphant and assured, then they are self-complementary; then when things go badly and crash about them, then they always put the responsibility upon someone else. If we win, it is our achievement; if we lose, the fault is upon somebody else. And we build a philosophy upon such an erroneous conclusion.

I can take every soul in this radio congregation this morning listening to me out beyond, on the waves of the ether whose life is wrecked; you, who have been disappointed, disillusioned and frustrated. A friend has put a saber into your heart and you are suffering the agony of a disillusioned friendship. Someone you love has betrayed you. Financial tragedy has come into your life; wreckage all about you; there is perhaps an uncontrollable appetite that you cannot master; passion that you cannot control, until your life is a hodgepodge of weakness, inefficiency, tragedy. You would like to find a road out and a way out. There is one. Use all the psychiatry available; yes, use all the materia medica available; use all that. I am for that; but first, use God. First, find the power of the eternal, and you will find a road to a richer life.

FAITH AND GRATITUDE

SOMETIMES in our work and in our daily living, things just seem to pile up on us, and the weight and worry of trying to see our way out all at once overcomes us. So I covet the opportunity of talking about the reorganization and the readjustment of a person's life so they can have a great objective for that life and a deep trust and abiding confidence in something that will take them in their confusion and despair, or in their illness, their chaos and their worry, and enable them to see these things drop off one by one until there emerges in the life a unity, strength, health, power, control, character and an integration.

I suppose there is no more beautiful thing in this world than the unfoldment, triumphantly, of a being's personality; to see people develop majestically, impressively, beautifully, refusing to let the burdens of life, the agony of worry, or any other like dominating motif get control over them. What a triumph just to be able to stand firm in such an hour as we are in—in this transitory hour. Something of yesterday and yesterday's world is dying and we are watching its death; and you and I, in the agony of this turmoil of change, are living through an era in which something that was will never be again, and something that never was, but something infinitely beautiful is being born. And if we are going to be partakers in the kind of hour in which we are living, and make the largest individual contribution of which we are capable, we have to possess a creative confidence and trust; in other words, you and I must have something so profoundly eternal in its character and quality, that in a changing hour the changeless, unchangeable character of that which we trust will be our stability and our equilibrium. If you know in your mind and heart that there is an enduring, eternal quality which, when understood, can be applied to your individual self in a changing, chaotic world, it will work a miracle in your life.

The confusion will clear up, the chaos will vanish and you will get, through the perspective which is created from such a condition, a picture of reality; you will have better physical health; your nerves will toughen and strengthen, your vision will improve, the whole environment about you will take on an entirely new significance by the recreative quality of your own being, when that being is completely dominated by this sense of an eternal spirit.

Think of yourself as a part of the great creative energy, directing itself toward the fulfillment of the highest unity of life. Is your problem difficult? Well, maybe this is your testing time—the time of all times when you will be able to find that complete integration with the highest and best—a time when you will find out how much strength and beauty and power is latent in your own personality. It is not that we should be able to avoid these problems and difficulties—not that we should say "Why must this happen to me?" but in the midst of the most severe pommelling which life can give us, beaten, bloody, bowed, we can find a glimpse of the eternal spirit, and then, if we are sincere and honest and want to begin all over again and get a grip on life and go forward, we can say, "Because this did happen to me, I will reflect more of the beauty and power and spirit of the Divine Creator.

I will not be a cynic, I will not be defeated. This is the time of my greatest growth—of my greatest progress. I will use it to make me strong. I will not only have faith. I will act on that faith. I will trust. I may not see the dawn, but the dawn will be there after this night is past." And when you have said that, a peace will descend on your life and spirit, and you will be amazed at the feeling of strength that comes with it, and the feeling of assurance—a knowledge that it is all worth struggling for. How do I know? I have tried it and it works.

Another thing that helps, and helps greatly, in a time of stress, is a sense of gratitude. Just as an experiment, sit down quietly today and write down everything you have to be grateful for. Whether it is something small or something on a grand scale, don't ignore one single thing that you have to be grateful for. It will make your whole day different. It's a very good way to begin every day—by being grateful. You let me see how a person responds to something that is done for him, and I will tell you the quality of that person's soul. It is the most accurate test of the quality of the character of a person. It can be just something simple, but let me see how you respond when someone makes a sacrifice for you, or does something that pleases you; maybe just a little gesture, and something not costly—let's see how you respond, and I will tell you the quality of your soul. You know it is amazing the number of people one never sees until they are in trouble and wanting something. Then it is equally amazing, the minute they have what they want, they go out of your life and you never hear of them again. I have known other people who, when they were in need and I have stood by their side, were so appreciative and grateful for it, they couldn't do enough in return. What's the difference in those people? The difference is in the quality of their souls; the kind of people they are inside—not outside where the world and people can see it.

It doesn't require very much character to be grateful for *things*—something that is wholly objective; but what is the real basis of gratitude in your life and mine? I am thinking of being grateful for the privilege presented to me—the opportunity to do something to raise the whole general tone-level of humanity and the world. Not grateful for something I can eat; obviously that is a form of gratitude which we can all indicate; but there is another form in a world like this; a world where there are honest efforts being made again to build the structure and pattern of a society which will give opportunity for the full fruition of the human personality at an age when inventive genius and scientific capacity are opening up such areas for the potentialities of man that if man could only envisage one-twentieth of the whole, he could transform his entire world into a world of such beauty and strength that it would surprise even his most hopeful anticipation. The opportunity which is presented before man now is unprecedented in the whole annals of civilization. What is my attitude toward that? The opportunity to weed out of my life and heart and soul, and yours, every form of basic destructive, disintegrating, demoralizing hate and prejudice! There is an opportunity! And I am grateful enough for that opportunity to say that I will improve it! Grateful for the privilege of being in a society where we can work transformation in every area of human interest, until we can indicate under our own potentialities the possibilities of ourselves and the world. Grateful that I have an opportunity to build instead of tear down!

A MORNING ROSARY

(To be affirmed before rising)

Preface each day: This day has come to me out of the mystery-land of eternity. Never has it been mine before, and never will it be mine again. It carries in its bosom great wealth which I may refine through the efforts of my own life. I fight not a lone battle; for there is a More-than-Me which shares my dreams, and comes in when the need is greatest, the battle hardest. Therefore, I know I am companioned on my way.

MONDAY—*Contrasts*

There is goodness and evil, beauty and ugliness, joy and tragedy, success and failure, pain and laughter in the world: I see them all; but the good shall be a challenge to enjoyment, and the evil an inspiration to labor.

TUESDAY—*Outwardness*

I am the creator of my world. All my dreams are waiting to be born. Weakness, fatigue, pain, helplessness are soldiers that will fight against me unless I enlist them under the banner of a constructive purpose. Therefore, I shall marshal every one.

WEDNESDAY—*Otherliness*

I do not belong to myself, wholly. I depend upon others, even as they lean on me. I must work to increase the sum of health, joy and plentitude of which I am only a partial heir. For my strength multiplies only as I strengthen others.

THURSDAY—*High-mindedness*

My body is my servant; and though it is of the earth earthy, seeing, hearing and feeling the filth, sordidness and vapidity wherein many unwillingly spawn and die, yet I shall so think, speak and act that all will be fascinated by the charm of the inherent loveliness of life.

FRIDAY—*Forgiveness*

Since my hurts and wounds are mostly imaginary, and therefore dominate my life, I shall give kindness for harshness, trust for suspicion, love for hate; thus transforming enemy into friend by the invisible power of compassion.

SATURDAY—*Self-forgetfulness*

I will close my book of complaints; I will forget myself for a little while, and bring sunshine to those I know are sitting in darkness, without any desire for reward or favor, knowing that the good things of life must be done for themselves alone.

SUNDAY—*Reverence*

Whence I have come, and whither I shall go I may never know; but I feel that I am a part of all the good, the beautiful, the true I have wrought and enjoyed. I no longer live merely in things and places, in space and years, but in eternity—a living part of the More-than-Me by whom all comers after me are made happy and free, even as I!—W. W. W. Argow, The First Unitarian Church, Baltimore, Md.

HOUSE AND HOME

A house is built of bricks and stones,
Of sills and posts and piers;
But a home is built of loving deeds,
That stand a thousand years.

A home, though but a humble hut,
Within its walls may hold—
A home of priceless beauty, rich in
Love's eternal gold.

The men on earth build houses—halls,
And chambers, roofs and domes—
But the women of the earth—God knows—
The women build the homes.

THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

941 Lawrence Avenue

Sunday School—Mr. Robert Crosswhite, Superintendent..... 9:30 a.m.

Sunday Morning Service—Broadcast by WJJD.....11:00 a.m.

(Church and Sunday School close for the summer with the second Sunday in June and services are resumed Sunday morning, September 17th. During the summer there will be a regular Sunday morning Broadcast of a Sermonette by Dr. Bradley at 11 o'clock over Radio Station WJJD (by electrical transcription)

Sunday Evening Service—(From November to Easter)..... 7:30 p.m.

Wednesday Evening Book Lectures by Dr. Bradley..... 8:00 p.m.

(From November to Easter)

Woman's Club—Re-opens in September. For information write or phone Miss Cornelia S. Hartshorn, Corr. Sec., 2127 W. 107th St. (43), BEverly 8-7038.

Professional and Business Woman's Club re-opens in October. For information write or phone Roxanna Martens, 1340 Bryn Mawr Ave. (40), RAvenswood 8-4212

Men's Club re-opens in October. For information write or phone Harold Hansen, Sec., 2218 Carmen Ave. (25), EDgewater 4-5998

The Uptown Players—Studios, 869 N. Dearborn, MIchigan 2-3105

Opening Fall Season with Auditions on Sunday afternoon, September 17th

Drama Teas, first Sunday, Anderson Hall.....4:00 p.m.

Plays, three performances each month at

Eleventh Street Theatre, 62 E. 11th St.

Evenings—8:30 Sunday Matinee, 3:00 p.m.

Channing Club (young people of High School age)

1st and 3rd Fridays of each month, Bradley Hall..... 8:00 p.m.

Choir Rehearsals—Every Friday night in Church Auditorium..... 8:00 p.m.

Usher's Club—1st Tuesday of each month in Anderson Hall..... 8:00 p.m.

Girl Scout Troop No. 187, every Thursday night, Anderson Hall.... 7:00 p.m.

Intermediate Girl Scout Troop No. 301, every Thursday afternoon.. 3:30 p.m.

Brownie Scout Troop No. 630, every Monday afternoon..... 3:30 p.m.

Senior Scout Troop No. 224, every Thursday night, Bradley Hall.. 7:30 p.m.

Boy Scouts—Cub Pack No. 3864 4th Friday each month, Anderson Hall ..... 7:30 p.m.

DR. BRADLEY'S RADIO SCHEDULE

WJJD—Every Sunday at 11 a.m.

One Hundred and Twenty-Fifth Anniversary of American Unitarian Christianity

Anniversary Prayer

CARL BIHLDORFF

(Minister, First Parish, Brookline, Mass.)

Almighty God, we praise thee for radiant gleams of love and truth which shine on us through those who have gone before. Make us grateful heirs of this freely-given hertitage whose cost was greater than our minds can know or our hearts acknowledge. Deepen in us, O God, our appreciation of those whose lives bore the mark of Christ-likeness and through whom our lives have been enriched and our heavenly impulses strengthened. May we cherish the good fruit which is become our inheritance.

Give us good cheer, O Lord, as we look to the future. If our trust is in thee — in thy goodness, mercy and power—we shall fear neither man's wrath nor nature's violence. Yea, through the might of thy holy spirit can we be strengthened to resist the tides of blasphemy, inhumanity and war. Deepen thou in us a new reverence for life and truth and love.

We thank thee, Lord, for the witness our churches have borne to many generations. For fear they have given good tidings of faith, for sorrow, comfort and a trusting spirit, for ignorance, the light of wisdom—human and divine. Grant that the stream of our Christian faith and love may flow through these fountains forevermore. May we be true to the trust we bear. Amen.

The Deep Roots of Our Faith

HENRY HALLAM SAUNDERSON

The churches of our fellowship are directing their attention to the celebration of the one-hundred-and-twenty-fifth anniversary of the organization of the American Unitarian Association. Of these churches, many were already nearly two hundred years old when our Association was organized. This is a propitious time to review our early history and to tell again the heroic story of our origins. And, in so doing, it is well for us to set clearly before our minds the significance of our origins. Not merely the bare facts of our history, but the real meaning of our early years should be seen.

In the year 1611 A.D. the King James version of the Bible was published. Within twenty years of that event began the great Puritan migration which, in a few years, brought twenty thousand people to the wilderness which was to become New England. Those pioneers organized immediately many of our churches. The Bible was one of the most important of the possessions which they carried with them. They brought also, mentally, the important doctrine of the right of the individual to interpret the Bible according to his own knowledge and understanding.

The Puritans have been seriously misrepresented. The truth is that they were the progressive people of their times. They placed great emphasis on education; on humane ideals of living; on the value of enlightened views of religion. In their New England towns, every church was a community church. Each church wrote its own covenant. The Puritans never created a central creed-making body, or governing council over their churches. Minister and people together studied the Bible, and sought to interpret it intelligently.

The prevailing theology of the Puritans of New England may fairly be

called a form of Calvinism, but it was not the fatalistic form of Calvinism. And as generations of men came and went, there was constant progress toward a liberal faith. The people who created the public school, the democracy of the town meeting, and the broad fellowship of the community church exercised an admirable freedom in their thinking.

Notably there was among them no compulsion to believe the doctrine of the Trinity; and thousands of these people rejected that doctrine. The War of the Revolution set the American colonies free from a despotic sovereignty in government; and this hastened the movement for the rejection of the Calvinism doctrine of the sovereignty of God.

How far this movement might have gone if it had run its course can only be surmised. But one hundred and fifty years ago there were theologians in New England who were giving themselves vigorously to the task of reviving Calvinism in extreme form. Indeed there was a definite movement to drive all liberals out of the congregational churches of New England. Strife became bitter and controversy raged as Unitarians and Calvinists waged theological warfare.

Meantime events had occurred in Boston which had far-reaching consequences. King's Chapel was, up to the time of the Revolution, vividly and vigorously a church of the established Church of England. In the Revolution the rector and about thirty families of King's Chapel made an exodus to Canada. The remainder of the membership sided with the colonial cause in the war. In 1782 James Freeman, a graduate of Harvard College, and a liberal in theology, became lay reader in King's Chapel. When the congregation sought Episcopal ordination for him, it was refused, both in England and America. Adopting the Puritan principle of the authority of the local church, the senior warden ordained him. Together the minister and people of King's Chapel revised their ritual, stripping it of references to the doctrine of the Trinity and royal authority. And the Reverend James Freeman became a leader in the liberal movement, his influence extending widely among the Puritan churches.

In 1805 Henry Ware, minister of the church in Hingham, and a pronounced liberal in theology, was appointed Hollis Professor of Theology in Harvard College. This intensified the strife between Calvinists and liberals. In 1816 Dr. James Freeman of King's Chapel chanced to preach in Baltimore, Maryland. This stirred up so great an interest that a liberal church was organized in that city. In two years the congregation erected a new church building. And Jared Sparks, who afterwards was elected President of Harvard College, was called as minister.

It was at his ordination, in 1819, that Dr. William Ellery Channing of Boston preached the famous "Baltimore Sermon" which has been called "The Magna Charta of liberal religion."

The sermon was published and had an electric effect in New England. With unsurpassed clarity and vigor it set forth the principles of Unitarian Christianity. Within a year one hundred and fifty New England churches declared their adherence to the position taken by Channing. These included every congregational church in Boston except the Old South Church. A majority of the First Parishes within thirty miles of Boston adhered to the liberal party.

The Protestant principle of the right of private judgment, in the interpretation of the Bible, was magnificently asserted in the Baltimore Sermon. Channing insisted that when men use

the clearest spiritual light they can obtain, and, thus equipped, interpret the Bible, it teaches not Calvinism but the broader liberal views which he frankly named "Unitarian."

Thus the liberal element in the congregational churches of New England became a denomination. In 1825 the American Unitarian Association was organized. It adopted programs of nation-wide action. Its announced purpose was "to diffuse the principles of pure Christianity." That is still the highest purpose to which we can devote ourselves.

They were Christocentric

CHARLES E. PARK

(Minister Emeritus, First Church, Boston, Mass.)

One hundred and twenty-five years ago Unitarians were "Christocentric" in their own way. True, they rejected the teachings of Christian theology. To them, Christ was not the Second Person in the Trinity. And man was not a pitiable object who had lost the power to save himself, and must be saved; nor was he caught in a quicksand where his feeble struggles to extricate himself merely sucked him down deeper.

To them, God was not the pitiable figure that Christian theology naively made him: in a dilemma; obliged to satisfy his own justice by demanding full reparation for man's sins; obliged at the same time to vindicate his love for man; hence obliged to sacrifice himself to himself, and thus leave himself free to extend to man a proof of his love.

How then were they Christocentric? Because they turned directly to a rather important figure in the drama—one whom every theologian from Paul to Aquinas seemed to have forgotten—a man named Jesus of Nazareth. To them, he is our Saviour because he taught us how we may save ourselves. In no particular did he claim metaphysical uniqueness. He was a stock sample of humanity, and called himself Son of Man. He was an individual soul, a numbered hair, in God's sight; but no dearer to God than any lost sheep or prodigal son. A particular task had been assigned to him, as to every one else.

The key to his life was his God-consciousness, a bond of close and sacred intimacy with his Father in Heaven. To forfeit this bond was to be cast into the outer darkness. Temptations had no weight with him. He laughed them to scorn, palpable gold bricks. He "kept his line of rectitude with love's unconscious ease," anticipating God's will and doing it eagerly, before he was asked, more than he was asked.

His was the spontaneous righteousness that exceeded the grudging, dehydrated righteousness of the Scribes and Pharisees. Since others were God's children no less than himself, he loved them as he loved himself and did all in his power to help them, looking upon each one as just an end in himself as he was. His religion was a strictly personal affair, to be enjoyed, not in the Temple (which seems to have left him quite unmoved) but in the "closet" with the door shut. He had no thought of building "my church" upon "this rock," Peter, or any other rock. This of course implies that the authenticity of verses 18 and 19 in the sixteenth chapter of Matthew is under suspicion; they interrupt the flow of thought; they are a little too pat, too convenient to the ambitions of the church in Rome, seeking to establish its priority among these new Christian churches. His death was no vicarious atonement, for his Father in Heaven required no atonement, least of all, a vicarious one. He could do his own forgiving. Last but

not least, his God-consciousness brought him the purest and most enduring happiness that man can know. To say that he was the happiest man who ever lived is not an exaggeration.

This idea of Jesus began with them a hundred and twenty-five years ago, and it reaches sharper focus and greater detail just in time. Modern man is intelligent, well-informed, self-respecting, and responsible—nearer than ever to being "master of his fate, and captain of his soul." He asks no exemptions, no special privilege; but prefers to win his own way, pay for his own mistakes, suffer for his own sins, and take his share of the indiscriminate tribulation that attends this human life. Present-day Christian theology makes little appeal to him; and if Christianity is the teaching of the Church, he looks upon Christianity with a sort of wistfulness. But if Christianity is the teaching of one who talks to him as man to man, one who was just as intelligent, well-informed, self-respecting and responsible as he, then nowhere in the world is there a religion which fits his case and answers his need so well as the religion of Jesus. He will find himself involved in no magic, no ontological mysteries, no strain upon his credulity, and no offense to his mental and spiritual dignity; but with those daily realities and sympathies in human nature and worldly circumstance which are so slow in changing that they may be almost called eternal. If he will, he can turn to this religion, and still call himself a Christian.

(The above two articles are from "The Unitarian Christian" for May, 1950)

THE POTENTIALITIES OF OUR AGE

HISTORY was one of my favorite subjects when I was a boy in high school and college. Sometimes I used to think it would have been a great hour to have lived when Demosthenes spoke and Plato and Socrates taught, and sometimes I used to think that to have been privileged to live in the revolutionary period of our nation would have been a challenging and inspiring experience. And think what it might have been to have lived when one could have heard the great Lincoln and could have listened to the Lincoln-Douglas debates!

The barren truth is, we live now, in this age and in this hour, and by comparison with any other hour in human history it stands out above them all, not only in the active operations of men and nations all over the world, but also in its potentialities and possibilities. We have in our hands the clay out of which we can mold such indescribable beauty and harmony and peace that every other person who is to live after us will be able to say truthfully, "Oh, to have lived in such a time!" The greatness of this hour is the lure of the future. Its possibilities leave one almost breathless, as we think of its importance to every other hour which humanity shall ever know. And it calls to my mind some of the beautiful lines of Henry Van Dyke's, "Doors of Daring," where he says:

"The bars of life at which we fret,
That seem to prison and control,
Are but the doors of daring set
Ajar before the soul.

"Say not 'Too poor,' but freely give;
Sigh not, 'Too weak,' but boldly try;
You never can begin to live
Until you dare to die."

Those who sigh for times of ease,

with everything apparently going their way, and nothing to struggle for or against, are the wishy-washy souls of life—but who wants to be a mere jelly-fish type of person?

I stood on the banks of a large stream in the Alps once, watching a picturesque lumberman. The lumberman was working with the logs which were coming down from the hillsides. I saw him selecting those logs with a great deal of care, but I couldn't see any difference in them. Finally I said to him, "What about these logs? You are putting some here, and some you let pass by." And he said, "You see that log there? That log came from the valley, in the lowlands. It never was buffeted by the winds and storms and tempests. It grew straight up, with coarse grain. It never had to fight or struggle against the wind and storm, so we keep it for the poorer lumber; its grain is coarse. But you see this log here? This one came from the crags and the hilltops; this log was a tree which stood and faced the elements. It was bent and twisted by the winds from the time it was a little sapling. It was compelled to fight to become a tree, and the result of the conflict is, it has a fine grain. This log makes perfect timber and goes into the finest furniture that is made in Italy."

So it is with life. If we live a protected, sequestered life, it may be a weak life and we will become a weak personality, of little use to ourselves or the world in which we live. But some of us may have to stand on the mountain peaks, and some of us must pay the penalty of being buffeted by the winds and storms and tempests of life; but it only makes the grain of life finer and more beautiful; and life is worth it all; every influence we can exert, to stand up to life makes us stronger; and everything we can do to help another along the way, and to help a younger person to get a firmer hold, makes life the more significant and beautiful. Our failures are not final. It is the struggle itself that is important. It builds us and the nation. Let us mold every failure and every defect into an inspiration for victory. The future belongs to us. Either the tree grows in strength or it deteriorates. And the same with man. He has never stood still and never will. No person is ever two minutes alike. You are not the same person you were when you started to read this article, nor am I the same person I was when I started to write it. Every second of time does something to each of us and something to the world. Man has never been stationary in his history. He has gone forward rapidly in certain centuries, then there seemed to be a lull in his creativeness and genius, but even in the lull he did not remain stationary.

I think the verdict belongs to those who believe that we are in a universe and a part of the world which is inevitably and constantly going on to something higher and finer than it has ever known. There have been minds in many different cultures that have caught a glimpse of the far-off hills, though they never were able to reach the hilltop. But what they said and thought and did and gave to the world indicates a possibility which man is ever attempting to realize.

I cannot think at this moment of any one thing which would help more to create within us all an entirely new attitude toward all of the difficulties which beset the world than the fact that there is a principle at work which can never be defeated, thwarted or changed, and that principle is the ultimate triumph of good. James Hilton, that superb writer, said some years ago: "One thing is today the brightest hope in a pretty hopeless world: it is the potentiality of an emerging unity

that might eventually be born. The 'after' depends upon that birth. It will not merely be a matter of organizations, leagues and charters and conferences, but will be in the hearts and minds of men who have an undying faith and an undiminishing loyalty to the ideal that man can create not a city, not even a nation, not a hemisphere, but a world in which he can live with dignity. Such a unity cannot be and need not be reckoned in terms of languages or boundaries. It is built on faith and purpose, creating a new world not yet aware of its own physical frontiers, but only of the boundlessness of its dreams."

I am sometimes asked in connection with the state of world upheaval: "Why should this problem have come to us? With all our material advancement, why should there be this confusion and world-wide dilemma?" Perhaps we are better equipped to meet it than any previous generation. And history avers that in spite of the many crises, the world has steadily improved. Our ideal as a people is the noblest vision that man has ever had, and when so many had to die for that ideal, many people were not even living for it. We thought of our liberties in terms of comfort and ease, and we judged our civilization by the number of automobiles, the number of radio sets and the speed of airplanes; the bigness of banks and height of buildings. But it isn't enough; it never has been. Perhaps all this challenge has been brought to this generation as a real test, and perhaps it is to be our job to make it all work as it ought to work, and not based upon selfishness and greed. Perhaps we are developing a sense of destiny, and that's a tremendous thing for a nation or an individual to have.

"THE SONG OF THE RIVER"

The snow melts on the mountain
And the water runs down to the spring,
And the spring in a turbulent fountain,
With a song of youth to sing,
Runs down to the riotous river,
And the river flows to the sea,
And the water again
Goes back in rain
To the hills where it used to be.
And I wonder if life's deep mystery
Isn't much like the rain and the snow
Returning through all eternity
To the places it used to know.

For life was born on the lofty heights
And flows in a laughing stream,
To the river below
Whose onward flow
Ends in a peaceful dream.
And so at last,
When our life has passed
And the river has run its course,
It again goes back,
O'er the selfsame track,
To the mountain which was its source.
So why prize life,
Or why fear death,
Or dread what is to be!

The river ran its allotted span
Till it reached the silent sea.
Then the water harked back to the mountain-top
To begin its course once more.
So we shall run the course begun
Till we reach the silent shore,
Then revisit earth in a pure rebirth
From the heart of the virgin snow.
So don't ask why we live or die,
Or whither, or when, we go,
Or wonder about the mysteries
That only God may know.

W. R. H.

The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

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EDITORIAL

THE other day I was sorting over some of my Saturday Review of Literature magazines and opened one at an article by Norman Cousins, the editor, and from the start it interested me so much and expressed so perfectly what I feel about the subject that I felt I must pass it on to my readers.

Mr. Cousins starts out by relating these several incidents, and I quote: "In a Boston suburb, a nine-year-old boy reluctantly showed his father a report card heavily decorated with red marks, then proposed one way of getting at the heart of the matter; they could give the teacher a box of poisoned chocolates for Christmas. 'It's easy, Dad, they did it on television last week. A man wanted to kill his wife, so he gave her candy with poison in it and she didn't know who did it.' In Brooklyn, New York, a six-year-old son of a policeman asked his father for real bullets because his little sister 'doesn't die for real when I shoot her like they do when Hop-along Cassidy kills 'em.' In Los Angeles, a housemaid caught a seven-year-old boy in the act of sprinkling ground glass into the family's lamb stew. There was no malice behind the act. It was purely experimental, having been inspired by curiosity to learn whether it would really work as well as it did on television." And, says Norman Cousins: "The terror comic strips were bad enough, but they are rapidly on the way to playing squeaky second fiddles to television as prime movers in juvenile misconduct and delinquency. TV is hardly out of infancy as a major industry, but already it has become the nation's number one time-trap for children in those areas where video programs are available. "What makes terror on TV more effective than in comics," thinks Mr. Cousins, "is it often enjoys the sanction of a family audience. When Johnnie and Mary sit down before the magic glass screen to take in an evening's entertainment, they often do so in the presence of Mother or Dad or both. This unspoken parental benediction hovers over the electronic eye as it tells the story of the inevitable love triangle which becomes

a twosome via the equally inevitable device of the poisoned beverage glass, or the story of a gang war in which corpses are strewn about like popcorn at a circus.

"It would be easy but unfair, however, to load *all* the blame on the parents. Part, at least, must be reserved for television itself. Here, in concept at least, was the most magnificent of all forms of communication. Here was the supreme triumph of invention, the dream of the ages—something that could bring directly into the home a moving image fused with sound—reproducing action, language, and thought without loss of measurable time. Here was the magic eye that could bring the wonders of entertainment, information, and education into the living room. Here was the tool for the making of a more enlightened democracy than the world had ever seen. Yet out of the wizardry of the television tube has come such an assault against the human mind, such a mobilized attack on the imagination, such an invasion against good taste as no other communications medium has known, not excepting the motion picture or radio itself. In the time since television has been on an assembly-line basis, there has been mass-produced a series of plodding stereotypes and low-quality programs. Behind it all, apparently, is a grinding lack of imagination and originality which has resulted in the standardized television formula for an evening's entertainment; a poisoning, a variety show, a wrestling match.

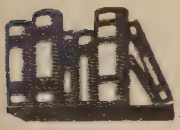
"To be sure there are some chinks of light in the tunnel. But for every half hour worth seeing, there are literally days of wrath and writhing. For every first rate entertainment program there are dozens of tank-town revues. For every Kukla, Fran, and Ollie program, which stimulates rather than stultifies the imagination of children, there are countless unskilled and ear-shattering kiddie shows and an even larger number of terror-and-torture specials. For every truly magnificent public-service feature such as the televising of the sessions of the United Nations or the NBC Symphony or the round-table forums or the Roy K. Marshalls or the Ivan Sandersons or the book-author programs, there are numberless time-fillers whose only function seems to be to keep the animated commercials from running together. For every top-notch sports event there are endless grunt-and-groan festivals that are supposed to pass for wrestling.

"It is not as though television lacks men and women of stature on the planning end. But persons of the ability and reputation of Lyman Bryson or Leon Levine or Sterling Fisher or Margaret Cuthbert or Robert Saudek are without sufficient scope or outlet for their professional talents on TV. What has happened apparently is that the industry was honeycombed at the start with supposed crowd-pleasers who moved in on the ground-floor and promptly converted it into a sub-cellar. It was the same old story: the grotesque perpetuation of the fable about the intelligence of the average American—that it is somewhere on the level of the twelve-year-old child. This billion-dollar blunder has already come close to putting the skids under Hollywood, has devitalized and disfigured much of radio, and has wrecked some of the largest pulp magazines in America. Despite the evidence, TV is apparently using the same bubble for its foundation.

"What is needed is a prodigious raising of sights that takes into account the phenomenal rise in the national level of education, and, in general, the increasing maturity of the American people as measured by all available indexes." Mr. Cousins claims that this is no argument for highbrowism or for

the conversion of TV into an extension of the classroom. "Television is essentially a medium of entertainment and enlightenment. But it is still light-years away," he thinks, "in any truly vital and creative approach to the fabulous possibilities waiting to be recognized and realized. In any event, all speculation over the future of television," according to Mr. Cousins, "must begin with the hard truth that right now it is being murdered in the cradle."

I felt that so many people would agree with Mr. Cousins, as I certainly do agree with him, and that they might not be readers of "The Saturday Review of Literature," that this statement of what I know so many people are thinking, because they are saying it to me and to others daily, should be read by as great a reading audience as possible. Why? Because it is one thing to come to a conclusion, but it is another to do something about that conclusion. The public can wield a powerful influence, but it must be expressed in the proper avenues to do any good whatever. Times without number I have maintained that the public gets what it demands, and until the public expresses its ideas to the stations which broadcast the programs which it either does or does not want, those stations will continue to give the public what those stations *think* the public wants. It is up to the listeners entirely!



BOOK CHATS

BECAUSE one of the gravest and most serious problems before the American people is this problem of marriage, I am calling attention to a book written by Rudolf Dreikurs, M.D., which deals with the subject better than any I know. The book is called "The Challenge of Marriage."

Dr. Dreikurs is a Professor of Psychiatry, of the Chicago Medical School. He was born in Vienna, on February 8, 1897 and, after graduation as a Doctor of Medicine, from the University of Vienna in 1923, he spent five years of internship and residency in psychiatry. His first research studies and publications were in the field of social psychiatry and through his activities and writings he was instrumental in starting and developing psychiatric social work in Vienna. He helped to organize the first Mental Hygiene Committee in Austria and became interested in the teachings of Dr. Alfred Adler and became one of his close collaborators, organizing and conducting child guidance clinics in public schools and community centers in Vienna.

As his public activities became more and more restricted with the rise of fascism, he left Vienna in 1937, accepted an invitation to lecture in Rio de Janeiro and in Sao Paulo, Brazil, in the latter city as the guest of the government and came to the United States in that year. He has been pracicing psychiatry in Chicago since 1939, and in 1942 accepted the position of Professor of Psychiatry at the Chicago Medical School.

In addition to his teaching and private practice, Dr. Dreikurs has established and directed several child guidance clinics in Chicago, and was psychiatric consultant at Hull House from

1940 to '43. He has published many papers on various psychiatric, psychological and educational subjects. His books have been published in many languages, and I especially remember his "Introduction to Individual Psychology" and "The Challenge of Parenthood," in addition to this book "The Challenge of Marriage." The present statistics of our own country on the divorce records is certainly evidence of the need for a study of this challenge of marriage.

Dr. Dreikurs says that far too many people use reading and thinking about their problems to avoid doing anything about them. For a book of only 270 pages this book has innumerable subheadings, under some of which it would seem to me one must find the answer to any possible problem that could come up in a marriage. Dr. Dreikurs has had a background of much research and study and practical experience. He has traced results back to original causes and both men and women will find his book extremely interesting from the point of information, as well as finding valuable suggestions and advice within its covers.

Under a heading "Marriage is no Heaven," Dr. Dreikurs assures us that "It is difficult for two people to be friends day and night, to agree, and to cooperate in all turns life may take. In view of the complex and almost unsolvable problems he faces, nobody can feel thoroughly adequate. Many carry the hostility and apprehension from the external world back into the home and return to the world unrested, with increased tension. The disappointment is the greater the more one expects to find a haven in marriage. It is a grave mistake to look upon marriage as a solution," continues the author. "It is a *task*. People, especially women, discouraged in life, hope to find security in marriage, only to experience frightful disillusionment. In former times, marriage was a solution for a woman's problems. Without a husband, women did not count—and nothing mattered once she was married. Today it is different."

Dr. Dreikurs says, "Advising a discouraged girl to get married is harmful. Whoever feels inadequate in regard to work and social obligations faces failure in the even more exacting cooperation demanded from the close human relationship in marriage. Not," says he, "that people should be discouraged from marrying. . . The point is that whatever one does in anxiety and cowardice, one has to pay for. Whether one tries to escape from marriage or to escape into marriage, the curse of cowardice follows him. Courage and social feeling, if not previously developed, must be deliberately fostered, in order to prepare for marrying or to make the best of an already contracted marriage."

The Doctor says "It seems futile to give specific recommendations for a happy life. Many books advise what to do and what not to do. The pity is, that the suggestions, regardless of how good they are, generally do not help. A courageous person with sufficient social interest does not need advice, and a fearful, hostile person will fail to heed even the best advice." So in this particular chapter, fundamental attitudes, rather than specific techniques have been stressed. "No technique alone can preserve marital happiness—no rule in handling economic, or social problems can prevent failure. The spirit counts, and not the technique.

The willingness to cooperate can overcome every obstacle, and without this fundamental willingness, minor obstacles can become overwhelming. Whatever intensifies, between husband and wife, the feeling of belonging strengthens their resistance to perils

threatening from within or without. Any outlook on life based on faith and confidence — religious or secular — increases aptitude and competence for harmonious cooperation and generates an atmosphere of genuine kindness and tolerance. The problems overtly blamed for the disruption of marital happiness provide only test situations through which erroneous attitudes can be brought to light.

In closing under his subject of "Constructive Attitudes," Dr. Dreikurs tells us that the big problems of the world are related to everyday problems of marriage. In our most intimate relationships we face the fundamental issues of our time. The solution of each immediate problem requires the same attitudes which alone can solve social problems in general: courage and a sense of responsibility. Fear and pessimism lead to increased dangers, to oppression and force, provoking antagonism and warfare. Shifting the blame to individuals and conditions will only heighten the confusion and perplexity of the problem. But we cannot direct our courage into useful actions or take on responsibility in making decisions if we have not a clear understanding of the issues involved. Political and economic progress must be supplemented by educational efforts, offsetting old concepts and attitudes toward one's fellow men. Education will have to reach husbands, wives, and their children to help them in their readjustment to new basic problems of social living. The recognition of our own power and responsibility must be brought home to all. . . . All the sciences become more intensively integrated as our knowledge reaches more fundamental facts. A new picture of the universe emerges, affecting technical, social, religious, and moral concepts alike. . . . Marriage is a co-operative institution and the romance of it is essential for its happiness.

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY

HAVING selected the letters from the Mail Bag, I sit with pen in hand. As I bend over the paper to write, I feel a gentle presence near me, interestedly looking over my shoulder as though to help with this, her familiar task.

"Lady Gracious" I always addressed her, as I wrote from The Study, where I kept the work-shop fires burning while she was at her island home.

Yes, "Lady Gracious" will be at my right hand in spirit I am sure, as I humbly try to carry on with what was her own very special task.

The readers will need to be patient. They will miss her artistic touch, her thought and spirit. They will say of me, "Her spirit may be willing, but . . ." and I shall let them fill in the rest.

The Mail Bag must go on. I have always loved it, loved the letters and the Mail Bag idea, loved the problems and the inspiration which came from

the gratitude expressed. And so may it not be that one can bring something of good to a work one loves? I do hope it may be so.

Dr. Bradley often tells us that desire is prayer. Then know, kind readers, that my prayer is that I may make this little corner of The Liberalist acceptable and fitting, to be allowed its place in the sun.

* * *

The first letter we take from the Mail Bag is fairly brief, and yet it quietly and silently expresses between those few lines a deep and abiding sympathy with and friendship for Dr. Bradley, his work and his church. Though there is no mention of it in the letter, Miss Cornelia Hartshorn is not only a member of the church but has recently been elected Corresponding Secretary of the Woman's Club of the Peoples Church. Her letter follows:

"My dear Dr. Bradley:

"Nineteen years ago this month I wrote my first letter to you. It reached you as the boat docked at Quebec. It was in the early spring of that year that I first listened over the radio to a Sunday morning broadcast.

"Eighteen years ago on radio Sunday I made my first pilgrimage to your beautiful church, and three years ago I became an active member.

"Your inspiring sermons are ever new and full of enthusiasm. That you love your work is clear to all who listen. God bless you.

"May you find rest and enjoyment during the summer.—Cordially yours, Cornelia Hartshorn."

* * *

How little we know, when working through a problem of our own, how great help our brave effort may be giving to another. The following letter from our Mail Bag is perfect evidence of this truth. She refers to the first sermon Dr. Bradley preached following Mrs. Bradley's passing. One wonders, when reading of this writer's great gratitude, "Am I always grateful enough?"

"Dear Dr. Bradley:

"Your service today will remain with me as long as I live and need courage to face anything life has to offer.

"Today I heard your heart beat between your words, and though the beat of your heart was not steady it was the greatest heart I have ever listened to.

"About eighteen months ago a miracle happened to me. I tuned my radio and life in to Dr. Bradley's Peoples Church. That morning you started me on the road of living again. You were so quiet that morning, too; so earnest, so lovingly wonderful and helpful.

"That morning it was my heart that wasn't beating steadily. I didn't want it to beat at all. Because of you a new life or way of life started, and I pray what I do with my life will be a credit to you.

"For the first time this morning I was glad I couldn't be present in your church to see you as well as hear you, as I cried just about every second of your entire service. I had prayed just before 11 o'clock—prayed that somehow you would find strength to go through the service, as I couldn't see why you should be expected to. My tears were not only for the hurt in your heart, but for gratitude that you not only had strength for service, but you had enough left over to give.

"Dr. Bradley, you have given us one of the most beautiful and deeply moving and real meanings of religion that words can ever express—a lesson, and prayer, and sermon from your heart of hearts.

"May our loving gratitude be a source of blessing and healing to your heart, so full of the power of love. Because of the beauty of your service

today I was able to sit an hour with someone going on to the Great Adventure. I wondered during the visit if I was hindering or helping, and then by the tiny gesture of a goodbye kiss I knew it had been right to go. I couldn't have gone if I hadn't listened to you this morning. My second sad duty of today was to visit a family who had just lost a dear one.

"Our beautiful day of outdoor healing was indeed a day of sadness, but in it I have found that the gratitude I feel to you may brighten a few tiny seconds of your life. We love you and need you.—M. Anderson."

* * *

Many of our readers know well the name of Annette Victorin, the writer of the following beautiful letter. Not only is she a Chicago poet whose poems Dr. Bradley has read over the air, and a winner of prizes for her work, but she is a teacher of writing and devotes much time to a veterans' writing project at Hines Hospital. Her letter that follows is a poem in itself:

"Dear Dr. Bradley:

"May I tell you that we are all thinking of you so much, knowing that though this sudden interlude in your life must be a very trying one, you will be able, because of your great strength and because of the happiness you and Mrs. Bradley shared, to find a new harbor on this sea of life which has its storms.

"Words are so limp in telling you what a great loss we feel, too, but Mrs. Bradley was a wonderful woman, whose presence will be close to us each time the sun shines, each time the wind brushes our cheek, each time the rain clings to our eyes. Goodness is like that. It never really departs.

"I nursed my father for three months; he was very, very close to me and at first I thought life could not go on without him.

"Yet every spring, when I again climb into the old boat, untangle the lines, sharpen the pike hooks and cast out my line . . . my Dad is right beside me, quiet, strong, fine, and though no words are spoken we are talking to each other . . . because we loved each other so much. He is with me and close to me in every swaying branch, in every silent moment in the woods. Surely this is affection nothing can erase.

"Take good care of yourself, Dr. Bradley, and remember that you have many, many friends, hundreds and thousands of them . . . how rich you are . . . for most people count friends on one hand.

"With all good, warm wishes for your continued success. — Sincerely, Annette Victorin."

* * *

We have heard from a worker in the church; and from one who wanted the heart to cease to beat, until the miracle of renewed hope came from listening to a sermon by Dr. Bradley. We have heard from a poet, whose letter though in prose, yet reads like a poem. Now here is a letter from one who does not have physical sight, but the light that illumines her soul shines through her words that follow:

"Dear Dr. Bradley:

"By happy chance or Divine planning I have just listened to your very lovely evening devotion on beauty in nature and the exquisite reflection of God in the humility of the noble soul.

"In all of the riotous tumult of ceaseless broadcasting it is so refreshing and exalting to come upon a secret place of quiet meditation at the day's end where one may pause a moment and regain a sense of poise and renew one's consciousness of trust in the eternal.

"Thank you for the blessing of those brief moments and the delight of the lines you shared with us from the gentleman in White Cloud, Michigan.

"While I do not have physical sight, I know that it is true that the essence of beauty reflected in the smiling earth and echoed in the music of many human hearts needs not the medium of physical vision to reach the soul and set aflame our being. Memory, imagination, touch, sound, fragrance, and that illusive spiritual awareness open the gates and bring it flooding in upon us.

"I hope I shall find you again on subsequent occasions, but whether I do or not it will gladden me to know that your voice is sending out messages of Christian Faith across the miles to many hearts in many places.—A Listener, Pauline M. Williams, Case Worker for the Blind.

* * *

With the following letter from a family who joined the Peoples Church at Eastertime, we close our Mail Bag:

"Dear Dr. Bradley:

"This is my first fan letter and it is with a great deal of pride that I write you as a new member of the Peoples Church.

"Gathering courage from your special welcoming service on Easter Sunday, I feel you have both the desire and the right to know why so many have joined the Peoples Church. Our reasons are many and although we now are members officially, we have been members 'unofficially' for ten years. It may seem strange to you that we never joined sooner, but we always felt that we belonged and were so graciously welcomed that it didn't seem necessary. How wrong we were! I can't express the feeling of supreme happiness and pride that was felt by Mr. Benson and myself when you baptized our daughter Colette and welcomed us as new members on Easter Sunday!

I was brought up a mediocre Catholic and my early religious education taught me fear of God and dogmatism. I never really knew and understood Him until you introduced God to me. Each Sunday I leave our church with a new menu of thoughts for the week and a depth of spiritual well-being that I never had experienced before.

"Mr. Benson was brought up a strict Lutheran and his early religious education left him soured and skeptical on religion as a whole, but because of you, he too comes away with great wealth.

"We both feel it an extreme privilege to be members of the Peoples Church and to have you as our pastor. Enclosed is a small token of our appreciation and affection.

"May God give you the strength and health to help others as you have helped us and bring you the same happiness.—Most gratefully, The Bensons —Walter, Colette, and Mary."

Your letters are a constant source of inspiration and encouragement to Dr. Bradley, and they are deeply appreciated.

KEEP-ON-THE-BEAM!

THE OPEN MIND

"There can be no lasting beauty
For the pool that has no flow
To freshen languid waters:
Our channels still must grow.

"There can be no lasting beauty
For the pool that has no spring
To nourish all its flowing
Toward brooks that glow and sing.

"So the open mind, like open pools,
Must be full and unconfined—
For a fresh inflow feeds an overflow
On its way to aid mankind!"

—A Radio Friend

DR. BRADLEY'S ENGAGEMENTS

JUNE

1—Address. Commencement, Shabona, Illinois
4—Morning service, Peoples Church
5—Address. State Convention Lion's Club. Faust Hotel Rockford, Illinois.
Television address. WENR-TV
6—Address. Dinner, St. Luke's Methodist Church, Dubuque, Iowa for YWCA
7—Address Louis XVI Room, Sherman Hotel, Modern Woodmen of America Banquet
8—Conference
Address. Commencement, Lockport Township High School, Lockport, Illinois
9—Commencement address, High School, Streator, Illinois
11—Morning Service, Peoples Church

FUNERALS

6—Emma Chopard
12—Charles Binder
12—James Edward Smyth

WEDDINGS

3—Margaret F. Maynard and Harry K. Black
Faye Riley and Arnold Israel
June Stuckey and Lathell Gordon
Marilynn Elaine Bohr and Venture J. Caravello
8—Gertrude Falck and Thomas McCreary
10—Laura Evans and George Knoy
Irene Felch and William Sturgis
Mrs. Naomi Elle and William Schult
Edna J. Dwyer and Arthur Gullickson
Marie Bloss and Alex Philvin
18—Mary Burns and William Rouillard

CHRISTENINGS

3—Victoria Elizabeth Brown and Paul Rylott Brown, children of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Brown
4—Linda Louise Miller, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Miller
11—Robert Bruce VanErkenswick, son of Mr. and Mrs. Herbert V. VanErkenswick

The Following New Members Were Publicly Welcomed Into The Peoples Church On Sunday, June 11, 1950

Mrs. Josephine Bjorklund
Mrs. Frances Eulette (from the Hyde Park Baptist Church)
Miss Edna Frances Eulette
Mrs. Carl Flodin
Mrs. Jennie Hawkinson
Mrs. Herman C. Johnson
Mrs. Michael Krauvice
Mrs. Irene Mostek
Miss Agnes Peterson
Mr. Leo Reetz
Mrs. Mable Rippetoe
Mrs. Dorothy Wallertz
Mr. & Mrs. Everett J. Willard

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